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4-8-2018

# Graduate Recital: Monica Ramich, soprano

Monica Ramich

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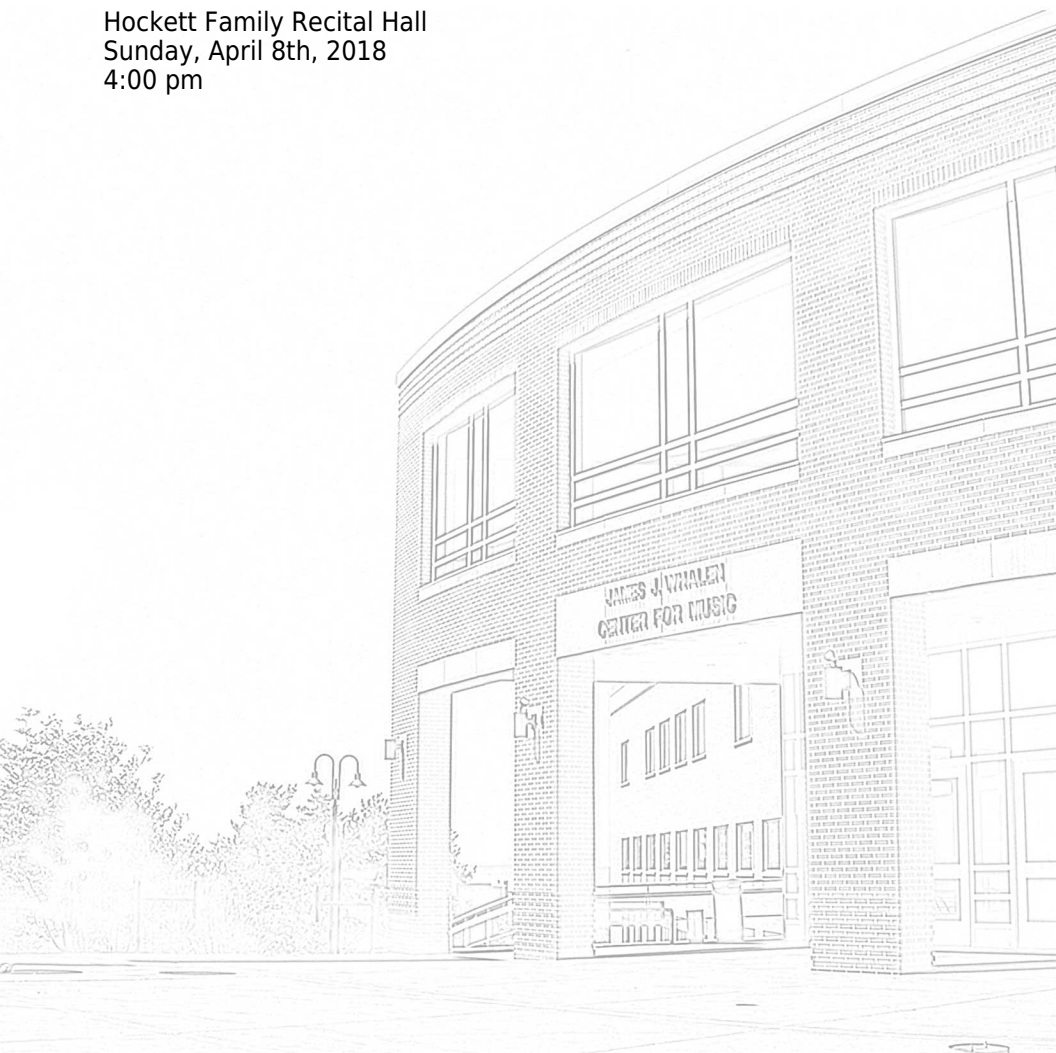
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**Graduate Recital:**  
Monica Ramich, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday, April 8th, 2018  
4:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Lusinghe più care  
from *Alessandro*

G.F. Handel  
(1685-1759)

Three Songs  
I. Daphne  
II. Through Gilded Trellises  
III. Old Sir Faulk

William Walton  
(1902-1983)

Voi avete un cor fedele

W.A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

## Intermission

Chanson d'Avril  
Rêve de la bien-aimée  
Ouvre ton cœur

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

Apparition

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Glückes genug  
Die Nacht  
Heimliche Aufforderung

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

## Translations

### Lusinghe più care

Lusinghe più care,  
d'Amor veri dardi,  
vezzose volate  
sul labbro nei guardi,  
e tutta involate  
l'altrui libertà.

Flattery most dear,  
Cupid's true darts,  
charms fly  
on the lips and in the glances,  
and completely rob  
the other's liberty.

Gelosi sospetti,  
diletti con pene,  
fra gioie e tormenti,  
momenti di spene,  
voi l'armi sarete  
di vaga beltà.

Jealous suspicions,  
delights with pains,  
amid joy and torment,  
moments of hope,  
you will be the weapons  
of transient beauty.

### Voi avete un cor fedele

Voi avete un cor fedele,  
come amante appassionato:  
Ma mio sposo dichiarato,  
che farete? Cangerete?  
Dite, allora che sarà?  
Manterrete fedeltà?

You have a faithful heart,  
like an impassioned lover:  
But my avowed husband (fiancé),  
what will you do? Will you change?  
Speak, what will happen then?  
Will you remain faithful?

Ah! non credo.  
Già prevedo,  
mi potreste corbellar.  
Non ancora, non per ora,  
non mi vuol di voi fidar.

Ah! I don't believe it.  
Already I foresee,  
you are capable of mocking me.  
Not yet, not now,  
I will not put my trust in you.

## Chanson d'Avril

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps  
vient de naître!

Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un  
réseau vermeil!

Tout frissonne au jardin, tout  
chante et ta fenêtre,

Comme un regard joyeux, est  
pleine de soleil!

Du côté des lilas aux touffes  
violette,

Mouches et papillons bruissent à la  
fois

Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant  
ses clochettes,

A réveillé l'amour endormi dans les  
bois!

Puisqu'Avril a semé ses marguerites  
blanches,

Laisse ta mante lourde et ton  
manchon frileux,

Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle et tes soeurs  
les pervenches

Te souriront dans l'herbe en voyant  
tes yeux bleus!

Viens, partons! au matin, la source  
est plus limpide;

Lève-toi! Viens, partons!  
N'attendons pas du jour les  
brûlantes chaleurs;

Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la  
rosée humide,

Et te parler d'amour sous les  
poiriers en fleurs!

Get up! Get up! Spring has just  
been born!

Below, over the valleys, floats a  
rosy mist!

Everything trembles in the garden,  
everything sings, and your  
window,

like a joyful gaze, is full of  
sunshine!

Beside the lilacs in purple clusters,

flies and butterflies hum together,

and the wild lily-of-the-valley,  
shaking its little bells,

has awakened Love who was asleep  
in the woods!

Now that April has sown its white  
daisies,

Take off your heavy coat and muff  
for the cold,

Already the birds are calling you,  
and your sisters the periwinkles

Will smile in the grass when they  
see your blue eyes!

Come, let's go! In the morning, the  
streams are clearer;

Get up! Come, let's go! Let us not  
wait for the day's burning  
heat;

I want to wet my feet in the damp  
dew,

and speak to you of love beneath  
the pear trees in bloom!

## Rêve de la bien-aimée

J'ai rêvé que mon cœur était,  
comme jadis,  
Une source d'eaux vives;  
Et lui, l'oiseau de paradis  
Qui chantait sur ses rives.

I dreamed that my heart was, as  
before,  
A spring of living water;  
And he, the bird of paradise  
Who sang on its shores.

J'ai rêvé que mon œil était un pur  
rayon  
De l'aube printanière;  
Et lui, le léger papillon  
Volant dans sa lumière.

I dreamed that my eye was a pure  
ray  
Of the spring's dawn;  
And he, the light butterfly  
Flying in its light.

Ah! J'ai rêvé que mon corps était  
inanimé,  
Plus froid, plus blanc que neige;  
Et lui, le linceul bien fermé  
Qui le couvre et protège.

Ah! I dreamed that my body was  
inanimate,  
Colder, whiter than snow;  
And he, the well-closed shroud  
Which covers and protects it.

J'ai rêvé que ma lèvre était, aux  
jours heureux,  
Une grenade éclosée;  
Et lui, le zéphyr amoureux,  
Qui sur elle se pose.

I dreamed that my lip was, in happy  
days,  
A pomegranate blooming;  
And he, the amorous zephyr  
Who alights on it.

J'ai rêvé que mon sein était une  
oasis  
De déserts entourée;  
Et lui, le voyageur assis  
A son ombre dorée.

I dreamed that my breast was an  
oasis  
Surrounded by deserts;  
And he, the traveler seated  
In its golden shadow.

Ah! J'ai rêvé que mon âme errait  
seule au milieu  
Des ombres éternelles;  
Et que lui, mon ange, vers Dieu  
L'emportait sur ses ailes!

Ah! I dreamed that my soul  
wandered alone in the  
middle of eternal shadows;  
And that he, my angel, to God  
transported it on his wings!

## Ouvre ton cœur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,  
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.

Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?

Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à  
ma flamme,  
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.

Je veux reprendre mon âme,  
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

The daisy has closed its petals,  
The shadow has closed the eyes of  
the day.

Fair one, will you keep your word to  
me?

Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart, O young angel, to  
my flame,  
That a dream may enchant your  
sleep.

I wish to reclaim my soul,  
As a flower opens to the sun!

## Apparition

La lune s'attristait.  
Des séraphins en pleurs  
rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le  
calme des fleurs  
vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes  
violes  
de blancs sanglots glissant sur  
l'azur des corolles.

-- C'était le jour béni de ton premier  
baiser.

Ma songerie aimant à me  
martyriser

s'enivrait savamment du parfum de  
tristesse

que même sans regret et sans  
déboire laisse

la cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur  
qui l'a cueilli.

J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé  
vieilli

quand, avec du soleil aux cheveux,  
dans la rue

et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant  
apparue

et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de  
clarté

qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils  
d'enfant gâté

passait, laissant toujours de ses  
mains mal fermées

neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles  
parfumées.

The moon was saddened.

Seraphims in tears  
dreaming, bows at their fingers, in  
the calm of misty flowers,  
threw dying violas of white sobs,

sliding over the blue of corollas.

-- It was the blessed day of your  
first kiss.

My reverie, loving to torture me,

wisely intoxicated its perfume of  
sadness

that even without regret and  
without disappointment leaves  
the gathering of a dream within the  
heart that gathered it.

So I wandered, my eyes riveted on  
the aged pavement,

when, with the sun in your hair, in  
the street

and in the evening, you appeared  
to me smiling

and I thought I had seen the fairy  
with a halo

who passed in my beautiful dreams  
like a spoiled child,

always dropping from her carelessly  
closed hand

a snow of white bouquets of  
perfumed stars.

## Glückes genug

Wenn sanft du mir im Arme  
  schliefst,  
ich deinen Atem hören konnte,  
  
im Traum du meinen Namen riefst,  
um deinen Mund ein Lächeln  
  sonnte -  
Glückes genug.

Und wenn nach heissem, ernstem  
  Tag  
du mir verscheuchtest schwere  
  Sorgen,  
wenn ich an deinem Herzen lag  
und nicht mehr dachte an ein  
  Morgen -  
Glückes genug.

When you slept gently in my arms,  
  
I could hear the sound of your  
  breath,  
in your dreams you called my name  
and on your mouth a smile shone -  
  
It was happiness enough.

And when at the end of the hot,  
  wearisome day  
you dispelled my grave concerns,  
  
when I rested on your heart  
and thought no more of the morrow  
  -  
It was happiness enough.

## Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die  
  Garben  
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes,  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes  
  
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,  
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

Out of the woods steps the night,  
Out of the trees it sneaks softly,  
Looks about in a wide circle,  
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,  
All flowers, all colors  
It extinguishes, and steals the  
  sheaves  
From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes, from the copper roof of the  
  cathedral,  
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,  
Draw nearer, soul to soul;  
Oh the night, I fear, will also steal  
You from me.



## Heimliche Aufforderung

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale  
  empor zum Mund,  
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein  
  Herz gesund.  
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke  
  mir heimlich zu,  
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich  
  still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte um  
  uns das Heer  
Der trunknen Schwätzer -  
  verachte sie nicht zu sehr.  
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,  
  gefüllt mit Wein,  
Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle sie  
  glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,  
  den Durst gestillt,  
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen  
  festfreudiges Bild,  
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten  
  zum Rosenstrauch,  
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten  
  nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh  
  du's gehofft,  
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie  
  ehmals oft,  
Und flechten in deine Haare der  
  Rose Pracht.  
O komme, du wunderbare, ersehnte  
  Nacht!

Up, raise the sparkling cup up to  
  your mouth,  
And drink at the joyous feast to  
  your heart's health.  
And when you raise it, so signal  
  secretly to me,  
Then I'll smile and drink silently, as  
  you...

And quietly as I observe about us  
  the crowd  
Of drunken talkers - do not scorn  
  them too much.  
No, lift the twinkling cup, filled with  
  wine,  
And let them be happy at their  
  noisy meal.

But when you have savored the  
  meal, your thirst quenched,  
Then leave the loud company's  
  joyfully festive scene,  
And wander out into the garden, to  
  the rosebush,  
There shall I await you, as often of  
  old.

And I shall sink upon your breast,  
  before you know it,  
And drink your kisses, as so often  
  before,  
And weave the rose's splendor in  
  your hair.  
Oh, come, you wonderful,  
  longed-for night!